

With Love, From Satan

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With Love, From Satan

by [roxy55](#)

Summary

Will Graham and Hannibal Lector are brought in by the Winchesters because they believe Will has a connection with the apocalypse and Satan. Almost immediately Will goes completely off the edge into madness and Hannibal is the only one who can help him. Satan is twisting and stirring Will Graham's mind to the point of no return and secrets are revealed that no one can believe. Please help Will Graham.

Notes

Hi there! So this is my first fic on here I hope you enjoy and stuff. Please do comment and stuff, it keeps me going :)

Confrontation

Chapter 1

Will Graham

I am sitting across the room staring at the two men like a jealous child who just saw someone else get the toy I wanted. They invaded my thinking and I don't like it, they don't even look like FBI agents; sure haven't heard of them before but according to some other people at the scene they're actually quite well known in the agency for solving some crazy cases. I really shouldn't be acting like this at a crime scene but I was in the middle of 'imagining' and they pushed me away from the scene treating me like a four year old kid. I am not a kid! "Rude," I mutter under my breath rubbing excessively one thumb on top of the other, "unbelievably rude."

"I'm sure they'll let you back over there in a minute don't make too much of a big deal of it." Looking over to Hannibal I sigh and murmur, "I know."

"I saw something, when I was out there that I normally don't see when I get into the criminal's mind. At first it scared me but then I couldn't help but be curious. It may have been a hallucination but it was another body, a dead corpse with some sort of black fog surrounding it; I really wasn't too sure since I was afraid to approach it. I didn't feel like I was in the killer's mind anymore when I found the corpse, I felt more like myself in a dream. When I approached it the fog attacked me and started suffocating me just in time for those men to step in." I say to Hannibal staring at the ground reliving the dream like state and the feeling of being choked alive, I don't like it at all. "Did you see the face or was there anything else strange going on around you?" Licking my lips I say, "No I didn't see the face but I couldn't help but notice the awful smell in the room. Normally in a dream state your nerves are pretty much numbed or at least blurred but I could feel and everything, it was pretty much HD quality. I'd imagine the bad smell would've been a dead body but it was something else I just can't think of it." I let out a sigh rubbing at my neck, one of the many habits I've caught onto.

Of course the two guys from earlier approach us not much later and I got to have a really good look at them this time. One of them is taller; medium length hair, darker colored eyes carrying guilt, more muscle obviously a very strong person. The other is smaller, lighter hair which is also shorter, with dull green eyes also carrying burden and has muscles like the other. They both seem oddly close for two agents; either brothers or partners of some form, but there aren't any real clues of intimacy so I can't know. "Hi, Will Graham right? Sorry about earlier if we interrupted anything?" With a fake smile I reply, "Yeah it was nothing," looking back to the ground. After moments of silence the same one interrupts the silence, "We actually had some questions for you if that's alright?" What could they possibly want to ask me unless it's not about the crime scene? "Yeah go ahead."

“So we’ve heard of this ability of yours and were wondering; when exactly did it start?” I wasn’t surprised they are asking questions about that considering they’re from another unit, probably not from around here either, so of course they’ll be questioning it.

“I don’t think I really knew what it was or that I had it till a mature age but I would believe it’s been with me probably since birth.”

“Does using the ability ever distort you in any way or maybe do you get headaches after?” The taller one is still the one asking the questions and I can’t help but find it odd how he seems to be marking the qualities of the ability.

“Yeah; sometimes it leads to losing time or hallucinations at its peak.” I say confusion lacing my tone; my eyes not meeting their gazes probably set on me the whole time speaking. Are they trying to get to some point with these questions, I sure don’t see it getting anywhere. “Do you ever consider the idea that by getting into these peoples mind may be letting them into yours?” This time the other one speaks causing me to flinch at the new voice. “Yes I’ve considered, but I’m saving lives. All I’m doing is taking the evidence that’s already there and putting it together like a puzzle; all I’m really doing is reenacting the crime.” I didn’t even notice my tone had gotten sharper as I spoke, I need to calm myself they’re just asking me simple questions about myself.

“Earlier you were, I’m guessing, using your ability. While you were in the person’s head did you happen to notice anything strange?” It was once again the taller one talking. Blinking in surprise I look up at the two started to wonder if maybe they might’ve been listening into our conversation. Narrowing my eyes I start, “Actually yes. I saw another corpse that wasn’t supposed to be there and it was surrounded in black smoke so I couldn’t see the face. Also normally I think like the killer in this state but I started thinking as myself when I found the body. Somehow the fog started suffocating me; I thought I was going to die in that state for a minute but... I was pulled out.” I would’ve thanked them but to them they weren’t doing anything even though I felt like I was losing all life in me.

This seemed to catch their attention and just like that they were gone which left me dazed and confused waiting for some sort of explanation as to what that was about. Looking back to Hannibal he just shrugs and at that I say, “I think I’m about ready to get back home; I really need some sleep.”

I already knew I wouldn’t get much sleep because of seeing the scene today; the body is literally in shreds with body parts all over the room and I’m sure it will haunt me tonight. Hannibal was actually the one to drive me here since we were actually in the middle of our regular session when I got the call from Jack and we ended up staying there till now, and it’s midnight. There is something in my gut telling me that this case is definitely different from the weird hallucinations to those new guys showing up. I can’t put a finger on it but I know that something is going to happen.

The pitch black night didn’t help the fact that images are already popping in my head and my pulse rate already quickening. I have a bad feeling about those two agents but I shouldn’t be worrying; nothing is going to happen I’m just worrying to much.

“Excuse me.”

A monotone male's voice cuts through the silence from behind catching both our attentions. Turning around I'm greeted by the sight of a man with black hair and piercing blue eyes; he is about my height wearing a disheveled suit underneath a cream colored trench coat. There isn't much emotion on his face as I just stand there waiting for him to say something. "Yes?"

"You're going to have to come with me."

Realization

Chapter 2

Will Graham

Black smoke surrounds the room blood flowing from cracks in the ground and a horrible smell suffocates the air around me making it impossible to breath. A girl with completely black eyes; far to pale to be living with clusters of bruises, cuts, and gashes all over her body; just stands there staring at me with a blank expression. In a robotic voice she screeches, "Why!" causing my ears to feel like bursting as the loud voice surrounds me; it almost sounds like two voices, one impossibly high and loud the other low and demonic. "You were supposed to do as I say!" I can feel a small stream of blood run from my right ear as the girl is screaming and crying. For some reason I felt pity and pain making me want to scream as well but when I open my lips a similar black smoke that is around me slips out and it scares me; I don't like the feeling. Reaching out to the girl I try to touch her on the shoulder but this causes her body to crumble to ash one last scream echoing through the room my ears left ringing and my body shaking. "Will," another voice starts coming out of nowhere repeating my name over and over. "Will, Will, Will." The voice is getting in my head I don't like it, stop! "Stop it!"

Unfamiliar faces are looking up at me; confusion clouding my head as I try to move but realize I am tied in my spot replacing the confusion now with pure panic and fear. "Who," I start startled by how scratchy my voice is but don't stop talking, "the hell are you?"

I already recognized them but by the fact that two of them were obviously acting as fake FBI agents, which is punishable by law, and the other knocked me out with a touch tells me they're different. "Well I'm Dean, that's Sam," he jerks a finger at the much taller one and continues, "That's Castiel, that's Bobby," first pointing at the other in this little circle, the one who was at the crime scene, and then a much older man who is at the back of the room. "Okay stop, just please stop!" My stress and fear is definitely getting to me now as I can feel sweat that drenched my hair and forehead, probably from the nightmare, and my pulse quickening even more, even though it doesn't seem possible. I left almost everyone a little stunned except 'Castiel, Bobby', and some other dude in the back of the room who acting smug. Looking around the room I find Hannibal is in a similar situation, tied to a chair, but he isn't as frantic as myself. Bringing my attention back to the trio I ask as calmly as I can, "What is all this about?"

"We're looking for a specific person and we believe you have a connection to her." Sam says looking me straight in the eye making me want to cower away; seeing as I'm the one who is tied up and I have three men towering over me and one of them can knock me out with just a touch. Their gazes are set strong on me stirring irritation and panic causing me to babble, "Are you expecting me to know? I have no clue what's going on or why I have to be here; all I know is that something is very wrong and I'm in the center of it. Or maybe this is just another nightmare of hallucination considering the fact that this guy over here fucking knocked me out with one touch; that's not normal!" My breathing becomes hitched as I try

taking in deep breaths but it only hurts my chest making it seem impossible to breath. "Whoa, calm down. Listen we'll explain if you just promise to cooperate and not to freak out to much." Licking my dry chapped lips I nod not knowing what to expect but I am somewhat revealed when Castiel walks around me and starts undoing the knot and unwrapping the rope. When I stand up, slowly, I feel my muscles stiffen and ache and I feel a dropping sensation in my chest, it suddenly becoming easier to breath.

Glancing over at Hannibal I ask, "What about Hannibal, aren't you going to let him out?" No one made a sudden move or even had a look of realization; no more looks of pity and horror which made my heart skip a beat. "What what's wrong?"

"We just can't right now, please understand and we promise to explain it soon. It'd would be best to leave alone right now." Castiel says showing his first emotion since I've seen him which holds pity and worry. My eyes wide with fear I say, "No tell me, I want to know." I am afraid; afraid for one of my friends, afraid that something is wrong or that he may be in danger. "Will; it best be left alone, you need to trust us." Castiel says again putting what I'm guessing is supposed to be a reassuring hand on my shoulder but I just flinch away. "Cass maybe we should tell him though, he deserves to know." Sam starts taking a step forward a somewhat pained expression across his face. "No, I fear if we do that it will put him in a state of shock, maybe even put him in a seizure, and he might not recover." Scowling I ask, "What could possibly put me in such a shocked state?" and Dean retorts, "With everything that's going on right now and what you're about to hear I think it's best left alone until everything has had a good soak in and you aren't as stressed anymore." My clenched fist now shaking I can't help but wonder if maybe I should leave it alone.

I feel like the little kid that's stuck in between his mom and dad's fighting as they are arguing leaving me helpless and literally stuck in the middle as all three are circled around me yelling and arguing but it stops when they notice how apparently broken I look. Now sitting down in the living area, Hannibal still in the basement with Bobby and Gabriel, the real stuff starts. Sam starts the conversation, "Okay most of this stuff is going to seem impossible, crazy, whatever you may claim it by the end of this talk but believe it or not it's real."

The conversation seemed to go on forever as Sam, Dean, and Castiel went on and on about this new world and new things I've never considered that exist. Demons, vampires, werewolves, witch craft, ghosts, there are to many to list it just goes on and on. There is one thing in particular that shocked me the most; there is in fact a god. I'm not very religious when it comes to it but in the end if I'd have to chose I always have considered myself to be christian if anything. The fact that God would give me these horrible things; this ability that messes with my mind and these horrible situations to deal with every day since the day I joined the BAU disgusts me. Then again he doesn't think about every single person at every single moment; it's utterly impossible. They claim Castiel and Gabriel to be angels; Gabriel an 'archangel' which is a more powerful one at that. I do recall something about a Gabriel when it comes to God, Heaven, etc. I just can't remember what it was about; maybe it was about an angel, I wouldn't remember. Then they started talking about a specific demon which I'm guessing is why I'm here. She was the first demon made by Satan and the most loyal and all that; who is trying to start the apocalypse so they of course are trying to stop all this and I'm all they have at the moment, just great.

"So what about Hannibal?" I ask once the 'pep talk' seemed about concluded and since I decided not to make a big deal about the other stuff, I did all the denying and freaking out when they first started but I recovered once the stress blew over. "Um, yeah Hannibal. You see-" Dean starts; no one is looking me straight in the eye Dean is tapping his foot and the room is dead with silence. "I don't know how to tell you this but he is- a cannibal." I just kind of stopped there. Everything just sorta stopped my gaze stopped nowhere particular; a random book case across the room as my mind processed the words.

I probably sat there for ten or more minutes before I questioned, "Are you lying, don't lie to me." The moment I moved my lips I started shaking uncontrollably my mind becoming a cluttered mess and tears pricking at the edge of my eyes at the thought that my friend, someone I actually loved and cared about would betray me in such a way. Abruptly I walk across the room taking in deep breaths pacing frantically from one side of the room to the other muttering 'that's impossible.' I didn't really acknowledge the tears that ran down my face as I was trying to piece together ways that it was either wrong or right but no matter what it came together all too perfectly. "No!" I raise my voice hitting a fist on the wall some of my knuckles cracking and bones popping just increasing the fuzziness and desperation that is overwhelming my system. "Will," Sam says but I just yell over him, "I don't believe it, I won't believe any of it! He's my friend he would never." My rage soon shrunk down into sorrow and horror as thoughts filled my mind. He fed me human food, he made me trust him, he made me care for him, worry over him, want to protect him.

Manipulation, that has been his key all this time. He's been manipulating my mind this whole time; no mercy in his mind most likely but I refused to even try to get in his mind, scared of what I might find. For the rest of the day everybody just let me be; I was laying on the couch staring at the ceiling just thinking not really ever moving or saying anything. At times Sam would set down a drink and food for me but my whole body felt numb to the point that I didn't want to move. I could hear them talking in the other room at one point about me. "I knew we shouldn't have told him; he's in complete shock! Has he even moved since we at least got him to settle down, how do we even know if he'll ever move again?" Dean says and Sam replies, "He did have a right to know and eventually he would've figured out I just hope he can pull out of whatever is wrong right now." I blink which seems to start a series of actions for the first time all day; my pulse goes from its slow beat to a more normal state, my mind comes out from its numb state, my muscles tightening and my chest hurting. Sitting up I take one of the left over glasses of water that I was offered gulping it down letting out a staggered breath. I shouldn't let this ruin me; instead I'm going to think he's dead, to me it's a better fate rather than what has been placed in front of me. Yes, Hannibal had a peaceful death from a sickness and is gone, that's one way to block it out.

"It wasn't his fault." I turn around in surprise to find Castiel with his head tilted to the side watching me with an intent expression his words creating conflict and denial. "Cannibalism is something you choose to do; it's like a religion, you choose in what you believe and he believed in Cannibalism," my voice cracking at the end of the sentence. "Hannibal didn't exactly choose though." Castiel starts which just ignites the conflict and confusion running through me. "What could you possibly mean by that?" I ask hoping for some reasonable answer to all this.

"At a young age he and his sister were kidnapped by an illegal cult; his sister was murdered and fed to him by force and he was pushed into the 'culture' of cannibalism; he never really chose anything, he was influenced and forced into something he didn't want. If you want I could try and fix it?" My mind stopped and I looked him straight in the eye, "How?"

"It's simple really, it would be like putting up an invisible wall in his mind to block away the memories; he would remember everything except anything to do with being forced into cannibalism or murder or any of that. The only problem would be I don't know how much it would change since I'm guessing it was a big part of him. Also it wouldn't be the right thing to do when it comes to justice since he did kill multiple people. but it would be a temporary fix. I wouldn't recommend taking him near anything that would remind him afterwards cause kicking at the wall will only make it fall. Over all it's up to you, what do you think?"

The idea left me bemused; unsure of what to say or do since saying yes would be the wrong thing to do unless I am really that selfish. Hannibal has been like a support crutch for me since I've met him and maybe if all of the bad stuff vanished it would be okay. My lips barely parting I take in a deep breath and mutter, "Just give me some time to think."

Controversy

Chapter 3 Will Graham

For sometime I started wondering why I'm here then I realized they're waiting for me to have some sort of 'reaction' or for some 'big plot twist' to happen where I suddenly have the information they need about Lilith. Days went on uneventful the only thing on my mind being my decision; Castiel hadn't told anyone else about it yet and I'm somewhat thankful. I'm not ready yet. Then the hallucinations started; this guy who claimed to be Lucifer started hanging around me and nobody else could see him, I figure it just a stage of going off the edge. If I'm alone I'll interact with him since he's always talking to me even when others are in the room but will stop when someone is trying to talk to me. At first I thought he was in my head to drive me more insane but now he is starting to seem more like an image I've created in my head. I'm sure if I told a psychiatrist they would say something close to that, 'you need to let go of him; he is just an image you've created as a clutch for balance.'

Suddenly I decided to do something I never thought I'd be able to do; I wanted to go talk to Hannibal, get another view on things even though it won't change things. Bobby was standing at the door a beer in his hand and he just turns to look at me when I come in sight, "What are you doing down here boy; I don't think it's smart to go in there right now." Not stopping I say, "No I need to talk to him; I can protect myself I'll be fine I just need to be alone with him for a minute." He sighs but doesn't refuse unlocking the door.

"Are yo sure that's a good idea buddy-boy." Lucifer says; who is leaning against the nearest wall looking at his nails like a teenage girl would but I don't answer him of course as Bobby is standing right there unlocking the many locks. I can't help but wonder what Hannibal is thinking right now; probably tied up everyone in this household knowing his secret and his fate in our hands. Opening the door Bobby says, "I won't be to far just yell if anything happens."

Putting one shoulder through the door I immediately see Hannibal sitting on a crappy looking bed his back against the bland wall and one knee supporting what looked to be a drawing pad; well at least he isn't tied up but I'm guessing that's because this is a highly protected panic room. "Hann- Doctor Lector," I start, I don't want him to know he still has some trust from me and addressing him with his first name would be a dead give away.

"Hm I wonder what he's drawing Will maybe another dead body since you know that was one of his ways to plan it out; maybe it's yours this time?" I flinch at Lucifer's statement but try my best to completely ignore it thinking to myself, 'now he might be trying to push me, great.'

"Will, how are you?" he says in an oddly casual way; you'd think if even only one person would find out your deepest secret or locked you away so you can't get out you would at least freak out a little. But no; Hannibal Lector is lounging around drawing in his little drawing pad casually saying hello even though he probably knows I know. Deciding to try and ignore

the topic I question, "Have they been giving you food and stuff," What kind of question was that, I'm an idiot! Looking from the ground glancing at Hannibal his side glance is directed at me with an amused expression making me immediately look away my cheeks flushing.

"Hardly anything edible but you could call it food, yes. Will may I ask; why did you come in here, you must know so why still visit me?" My heart drops; he thinks I hate him, then again I should but I just can't hate him after this all; I'm probably just in a denial stage is all.

Still staring anywhere but him I say, "Because I can't hate you and I'm in denial that you actually did any of that no matter how perfectly the puzzle pieces may fit; I still care about you." The words flow out on there own before I can realize what I just put on myself; he knows how vulnerable I will be to him I just hope he doesn't use it against me in here. "Oh, Will I'm flattered but that can't be all; there's something else." Maybe I should tell him about the supernatural things and the hallucinations.

"Could you tell him about me Willy dear; I want Hannibal the Cannibal to know that if he doesn't end up a Wendigo he should be expecting me! Oh I'm so excited for him Willy," Lucifer says walking over to me squeezing my shoulders and talking to me like I was just going to just talk about a good friend; something that's not a big deal. "You're the only person I can come to for this but; I think my mental state is getting worse I think my mind is creating images and hallucinations; and you won't believe it but I think Satan is in my head." I never thought those words would ever be in the same sentence, ever. "You mean as a hallucination? That is odd; exactly how elaborate is the hallucination and how often do you see him?" Licking my lips I say, "Well he appears as a normal person," I'm interrupted when Lucifer says, "It's called a vessel; it's not my true form only a temporary form since my real form would melt your eye balls out of their sockets."

I flinch and say, "He says he's in a vessel which is a temporary form I'm guessing he uses a human body as a vessel; his vessel isn't all that elaborate but he's always there since he first appeared." Lucifer yells, "Right'o Willy!" making me flinch as it feels as if it was right into my ear, so loud. "Will, is he communicating with you?" Hannibal asks his tone actually containing concern which somewhat shocked me as he hardly shows emotion around anyone let alone concern or fear. "Your mind can only create images from things you've already seen, heard, or experienced; you would've had to seen the so called vessel of Satan for him to be in your head otherwise it wold be more, do you recognize him?" I have never seen him before and I knew from that things would only get worse; I kind of wanted to ask Lucifer what he was if not a hallucination but not with another person in the room, then I would definitely be over stepping the boundary of stable to unstable.

"You thought I was a hallucination?" he laughs, "Sorry Will buddy I am real and I'm not going away; not even when I get out of the gate but hey, I'll come and say hi." Rubbing my hand at the back of my neck I reply, "I've never seen him in my life." I felt like I was in a somewhat normal session with him having a normal conversation during a session but sadly things could never just go back to that since even if I did get Castiel to put up the wall I'd still know and have the guilt of the secret until he would find out himself.

"Off topic here, but did they ever explain- well explain the stuff?" I question; I feel like Lucifer would be more explanatory if he knew about the demons, angels, and everything else. "What 'stuff?'" Well this will take awhile; considering when I got this conversation what I got

took almost two hours. "What do you think of the Supernatural, Dr. Lector?"

* * *

After explaining everything Hannibal somewhat understood it all I'm just not sure if he actually believes me or not seeing as I'm the one with Lucifer in my head. "Will, who told you this?" he asks not long after I finish explaining; I'm now sitting against a wall across the room and I haven't looked him in the eye once. "Dean, Sam, and Castiel; the ones keeping us here. I didn't believe them at first but just think about it; for example when Castiel was in the parking lot all he did was touch my forehead and it knocked me out cold, no human can do that!"

"So why did you want to tell me this?" he asks reminding me of just why I went through the trouble of explaining the supernatural world to Hannibal and he probably doesn't even believe it.

"My hallucination of Lucifer; I'm worried it's something more. I'm worried something big is about to happen and I can't do a thing about it."

Infection

Chapter 4 Will Graham

When leaving the room knowing I may never talk to Hannibal that way again leaves me with an empty feeling that shouldn't exist considering he's the Ripper. It didn't make a difference telling him all of that since he didn't know what to do but instead just told me to go to Sam and Dean in the hope of some sort of explanation. I probably would've stayed there all day if Bobby hadn't pulled me out of there saying I shouldn't be in there to long and it's not safe. Ironic thing is Hannibal never left his corner on the bed with his drawing pad.

Of course Lucifer was walking along side me humming a tune I didn't recognize as we walked up the stairs leaving the dreary basement area. I could just barely hear the voices of the three familiars; Sam, Dean, and Castiel. I couldn't make out exactly what they were saying but I probably will never know so it doesn't matter.

I'm probably not the most trust worthy person to them seeing as I'd imagine they think I'm mentally insane so they think to treat me like a child; keeping secrets from me and other unwanted forms of coddling.

Reaching the living area I just sorta collapse on the sofa making little noise and Lucifer sits in the arm chair beside the couch resting his head on his hand watching me intently with his head cocked to the side.

I know Hannibal suggested I ask Sam and Dean about the little devil following me around all day but that sounds like it requires sociable activity; I don't do sociable activity. It's as simple as that. Lucifer didn't say a thing.

Eventually the trio came in the living room, all eyes directed to me, all with seemingly indifferent expressions; this time Lucifer spoke. "Uh oh; looks like an intervention Willy," I groan. I must be coming up as a very intrusive person in there presence, most likely very irritable to, but they are the ones who abducted me and still haven't let me go. "Will we really need to talk."

Lucifer spoke. "Yep, intervention."

"I'm listening," I say looking towards Sam; the one who first addressed me. Lucifer is silent.

"Castiel believes that someone, or something, is inside your mind which is effecting your health and mental state." I stare blankly at them and reply, "And?" Lucifer is quiet. "And," Dean says, "we need some sort of confirmation and details so we know how to fix it."

"Go ahead tell them," Lucifer says carelessly scratching at the arm rest of the chair.

"Lucifer is in my head." dead silence; I guess even for them this is odd.

"Like the devil?" Sam questions and I just nod in return; glancing over at Lucifer who is just fiddling around like he's a bored child with nothing to do. "That obviously means he has a major connection between Lucifer and himself; maybe not so much Lilith but he may still be able to help us," I drift off and Lucifer is quiet too; this isn't my kind of conversation.

Suddenly Lucifer is gone though; he just vanishes in thin air leaving nothing in his spot as if he was never there, maybe he was just another effect of my mental health; regretfully I admit he couldn't be a hallucination, Hannibal helped me confirm that in some way. I flinch when a loud squeal like pitch fills the air to the point that I can feel the vibrations and I have to cover my ears letting out a displeased sound; curling my body into a fetal position still laying on my side. This catches the trio's attention.

He actually ended up being behind the the couch with some sort of whistle or noise makes sitting on a string which he is swinging around on his finger with a grin on his face. "Don't fall asleep; I'll be lonely Willy." I'm sure Sam, Dean, and Castiel are staring at my back in confusion as I'm looking up at Lucifer with dread and fear; Lucifer really can get to me when he wants and he can make it all seem so real.

"Real?" Lucifer questions me, "This is real Willy." Suddenly thick blood starts flowing from all walls slowly dripping onto the ground creating small puddles which only continue to grow bigger and bigger. Gun shots from nowhere fill my head; I hear the sound but I can't find the source. Right then I loose the ability to breath; my hands grabbing at my throat feeling at a slick thin cut all the way across my throat where blood is rapidly gushing out my hands staining with the crimson paste and the air filling with a suffocating iron scent. My mouth is choking on the dense liquid; the overwhelming taste making me want to puke as my stomach is churning.

It all stops.

A gentle set of fingers is pressed to my forehead and I'm suddenly aware of my surroundings; I'm on the ground in fetal position with Castiel kneeling over me one hand on my shoulder the other moving away from my forehead.

"You're safe."

Lucifer isn't in the room anymore; he's gone and I can't help but want to drown in the pure bliss of knowing he's gone, whatever Castiel did I have to thank him.

"What just happened?" I ask; my hands are shaking and I still feel as if I'm recovering from whatever that was supposed to be. It seemed like any of my other hallucinations that sometimes get out of hand but others are triggered by something; this one just came out of nowhere and may have put me in a full blown seizure. "You might have just had a seizure; we're not entirely sure."

"Sam go get him some water, Dean go get Hannibal." Castiel demands.

I was shocked along with Sam and Dean that Castiel was asking for the psychiatrist considering as he is on full lock down but for some reason even an angel can't handle what ever is happening. "Cass; what, why? We can't bring him out here; he's a cannibal for fucks

sake!" Dean exclaims with a bemused tone and a puzzled expression. "Dean, Sam now!" I am pushed into the couch and Castiel starts pacing the room.

"What's going on, something is wrong isn't it?"

"I've never seen anything close to this and I really don't see how any of this is possible; I'm hoping because Hannibal has been watching over you for almost a year now maybe he might have seen the signs."

"What signs?"

"The signs! You are bound to Lucifer for a reason William; there is reason you're hallucinating that Lucifer is following you, I knew something was up I just don't see how it is possible!" I wanted to be able to understand what he meant but I can't help but be utterly confused; I'm glad Lucifer isn't here at the moment it would only make things worse and more hectic.

Dean soon came in with Hannibal trailing behind him; his hands bound by ropes and his face void of any expression, maybe Hannibal does actually have some sort of explanation to this all.

"Hannibal; I need to look into your mind it's important." Hannibal mutters, "I would've preferred not to be aware," as Castiel approaches him looking him straight in the eyes but doing nothing more; not moving, speaking, probably not even breathing. Moments later he turns away with some sort of disappointment plastered on his face, that can't be good. "Not what I expected actually; I thought you were a nephilim but it's no where near close to that."

What the hell is nephilim; obviously something not human and having to do with Lucifer, or something like that I really don't know since I've only just been introduced into this stuff.

"He has demon blood not only in his system but somehow there is almost a layer of thick demon substance around his brain," how is that even possible; I've never had anything strange happen in my life that could even relate to supernatural. "It's likely that at a young age a demon infected him, Will what ever happened to your birth parents?"

That subject was definitely not what I expected but it didn't really seem to matter to them; I answer anyways. "I never knew my mother but I lived with my father; moving around a lot for his job."

It is a high possibility that a demon, high in rank, got into his home when he was but an infant and poisoned him leaving him with his abilities and mental state. Normally I'd argue that I'm just fine and stable but after having a full blown seizure and hallucinating that Lucifer is in the room I have to face facts that I'm not entirely stable.

"Is there anything we can do?"

"I can try my best to block off the hallucinations and other effects of the demon blood but considering the amount that is stuck in him I doubt I can permanently get rid off it without damage. Besides if you really think he could get to Lilith than I think it best to leave it until

we have defeated her." I don't like the sound of that; they're going to use me as bait aren't they.

"For now I think it's best that we all settle down and rest seeing as if we do go after Lilith tomorrow it will be a long day." I couldn't agree more with Sam right now; all I really want to do is go to sleep and go in a deep coma. Maybe I could dream up an alternate universe where I wasn't always on edge and Hannibal was just a good friend, not a cannibalistic psychopath. I'd rather live in a world where I don't have to constantly worry about going off the edge after looking at sick murder scenes of people who should be alive. All of this shouldn't be reality; yet here I am with two rebellious angels, a group of supernatural hunters, and my friend the sadistic cannibal.

I think I need some sleep.

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